

The Lay of Poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! the living day
She reams from east to castle ay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way;
Think on Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It snar'd 'd her cheek, it burn'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie,
To cheer Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made near that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had she been there
For poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! In woody world
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
The baldrick was all over gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
For him who would not love her kind;
But still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way;
Think on Louise!

For peat of soil, the ghly Divine,
And spottish innocents were there;
Ah, poor Louise! Ah, poor Louise!
Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's left!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise!
Let poor Louise some succor have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with such sad woe—
For Heaven has grace, and Earth a grave
For poor Louise!

(Correspondence of the Louisville Democrat.)

**Washington County Fair—Premium
Awarded.**

Messrs. Editors: This is the commencement day of the Washington County Agricultural Association, and a charming day it is. The sun is gently lowering his golden, autumn rays upon the rich earth, and Chris. Haupt's splendid, inimitable Silver band is pouring out a flood of sweet music as the happy, gay and anxious multitudes are pouring in. I am a pilgrim here, after years of wandering, amongst friends and scenes of boyhood. I find that man has some

whilst nature was performing the sum-
mative process on his. Yet I met
many familiar faces—faces that are re-
corded in my heart of hearts—never
to be forgotten. They are the faces of those
who reposed trust in me when compar-
atively a stranger—who were my friends
when there was much more in the world
than in the usual empty sound. To them
my heart will continue to go out
while memory lives. Their kindness
their friendship are lights that will
“—burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.”

There are many, too, whose faces

ago; lads and lassies grown into the rigors of man and womanhood since my absence. Oh, it makes me, yet a bachelor, feel old to witness this change. I find all, however, as kind and affable as ever, and their renowned hospitality has increased, if it were possible for change. I will find no difficulty whatever in making out a report of the awards, as the officers, directors, secretaries, marshals, all have kindly offered me every assistance and every facility necessary. I am under obligations to the courteous, gentlemanly secretary, Dr. James R. Hughes, for a "com-

very handsome and polite assistant, M. A. McElroy, jr., for the list of award premiums and certificates, Mr. Shak Robertson, the polite and energetic treasurer of the association, has not only thanks for his kind invitation to his luxurious table; also Mr. Ben Montgomery for a libation of his glorious wine. May he live to see and enjoy its sparkling beauties for many coming fairs.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

Fine jeans, strictly homemade—Premium Mrs. L. Quishinsky, Madison co.; certificates Mrs. F. S. Hill, Washington co.

Coarse jeans—Premium, Mrs. F. S. Hill, Washington co.

tin, Marion co.
Plaid linsey—Premium, Mrs. Wm. E. W.
land, Marion co.; certificate, Mrs. W. C.
Thompson, Washington co.
Rag carpet—Premium, Mrs. J. D. Smith,
Washington co.; certificate, Mrs. C. C. Ca-
bron, Washington co.
Mixed carpet—Premium, Mrs. Steph-
Glazebrook, Marion co.; certificate, Mrs.
C. C. Cabron, Washington co.
All wool carpet—Premium and certificate,
Mrs. Stephen Glazebrook, Marion co.
Pair woolen hose—Premium, Mrs. A.
Meyers, Boyle co.
Pair half hose—Premium, Miss Step-
Coleman, Mercer co.
Pair stockings—strictly homemade—
Premium, Mrs. Len Edelin, Washington co.;
tificate Mrs. Thos. Irvin, Marion co.

Premium, Mrs. Thomas S. Grundy, Washington co.
Linen diaper, homemade—Premium, L. James Edelin, Washington co.; certificate.
Mrs. W. E. Cleland, Mercer co.
Flax linen, homemade—Premium and certificate, Mrs. John Bush, Washington co.
Sewing thread—Premium and certificate, Mrs. James Edelin, Washington co.
Best bouquet—Premium, Mrs. E. L. Dawson, Washington co.; certificate, Mrs. Brown.
Display of flowers—Premium and certificate, Mrs. Col. T. J. Foster, Marion co.
Silk quilt—Premium, Mrs. Joe Maxwell, Marion co.
Worst quilt—Mrs. H. F. Jones, Madison co.
National quilt—Premium, Mrs. H. S. Jones, Madison co.

ham, Grard co.; certificate, Mrs. T. Wright, Washington co.
Best specimen worsted embroidery—
minim, Mrs. Short, Marion co.; certificate
Mrs. E. Nawile, Nelson co.
Best specimen silk embroidery—Premi-
Miss E. Yocum, Jefferson co.; certificate,
W. E. Cleland, Mercer co.
Best specimen needle work—Mrs. W. E.
land, Davis, vestments; E. O. Walker, W.
ington, certificate.
Articles of merit—Thread lace, homem-
Mrs. Wm. Sweeney, Washington, premi-
Best handmade shirt—Mrs. J. V. Cosby,
son, premium.
Cotton embroidery—Mrs. B. B. Brown, W.
inton, premium; Mrs. Pat. Simms, W.
ington, certificate.
Crochete tidy work—Mrs. Col. Foster,

Agricultural implements—Best two-horse plow—Mook & Grace, Marion, premium; Allen, Nelson, certificate.
Best one-horse plow—J. A. Allen, Nelson, premium; J. T. Merimen, Nelson, certificate.
Best horse-drawn mowing machine—Mook & Grace, Marion, premium; A. Wheatley, Nelson, certificate.
Best washing machine—Marks & Smith, Washington, premium and certificate.
Best sewing machine—A. M. Head, Maryland, premium.
Field products—Best bread, corn-cooked—Washington, premium; T. S. Grubb, Washington, certificate.
Best stock corn—James J. Reed, Washington, premium; B. E. Montgomery, Washington, certificate.
Best bushel wheat; premium and certificate.

Best in rotty; premium and certificate, Shindler, Washington county.
Clover seeds; premium and certificate, Pipes, Washington co.
Best oats; premium G. P. Spalding, Washington co; certificate, John Spalding, Washington co.
Orchard products; premium, R. McWhardling co; certificate, H. Goatley, Washington.
Best display apples; premium, Mrs. I. Spalding, Washington.
Best peaches; premium, Mrs. H. P. Spalding, Washington.
Best display peaches; premium, Mrs. I. Spalding, Washington.
Best display wine; premium, Mrs. Col. Foster, Marion; certificate, Mrs. Ber. Montgomery, Washington.

Montgomery, Washington co; certificate
M. Thompson, Washington co.
Best variety of fruit; premium and
eate, Mrs. Col. Foster, Marion co.
Garden products—Irish potatoes; pre-
mium and certificate, D. C. Thompson, Wash-
ington co.
Sweet potatoes; premium, Joe Spa-
Marion; certificate, Stephen E. Brown,
county.
Best cabbage; premium and certificate,
James Edelin, Washington co.
Best seeds; premium, Mrs. James E.
Washington; certificate, D. C. Thom-
Washington co.
Best tomatoes; premium and certifi-
Mrs. Charles Montgomery, Washington
Best onions; premium, Mrs. R. E.

Thomson, Washington co.;
Best display of vegetables; premium
certificate, Mrs. J. James, Edlin, Wash-
ington co.; premium, Mrs.
Brown, Washington co.; certificate,
Thompson, Washington co.
Best loaf wheat bread; premium, Mrs.
Davidson, Washington co.; certificate,
R. F. Parrott, Washington co.
Best loaf corn bread; premium and
certificate, Mrs. James, Edlin, Washington
co.; Best cooked ham; premium, Mrs.
Davidson, Washington co.; certificate,
T. R. Brown, Washington co.
Best barrel flour; premium and certi-
ficate, D. L. Graves, Marion co.
Best showmanship—Best rider over a
premium, John E. McCosky, Nelson co.
Certificate, Joe Maxwell, Marion co.

This last ring was one of considerable merit. There were twelve entries all were very fine, and it was a long time before the judges could decide the place for the ribbons. All could not so there were many much disappointed. In the ring of the masters, little M. W. Dudley, of Frankfort, created much interest, by appearing in an

form of 76. He played his part with a great deal of *sang froid*, and was awarded a special premium by the board. I have seen enough already to promise this fair a success. With such officials could not be otherwise. All high gentlemen, everybody respects and no fighting, quarrelling, drunkenness and rowdiness ensue. It is a pleasure to attend such fairs. As yet there are no sideshows to annoy the regular proceedings. I believe it were better to dispense with them at all such places.

There are a "heap" of pretty girls in attendance, but as my report is not

to a day. In the meantime, I am
Yours, very truly, J. B. Jones

general welfare of the people in all

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Irish Prosperity, as Seen Through Dutch Spectacles.

The Lord Lieutenant has not been able to impose upon even the "educated Englishmen" their organ, the *Saturday Review*, and so the humberg of his speech at Derby:

We shall best describe the impression which the Duke of Abercorn's speech at Derby makes on our minds, by saying that the Duke's words, in our orders here, certainly have been made a bishop. There is something about it which irresistibly reminds one of an Episcopal charge. The Lord Lieutenant, in fact, has been a bishop, and a grand just as an average bishop maunders about the state of his diocese. The one tells of so many new

churches built here and so many resources, that the churches were able to have three services on Sundays instead of two, and so many more which have prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays besides; the other folks of so many more churches, that the churches were able to have in that, assures his hearers that the decrease in cattle during the last year does not surprise him, but owns himself puzzled at the statistics of pigs. All this is said in a very proper manner at the dinner of an agricultural show, and if the Duke of Abercorn had confined himself to this class of subjects no one would have wished to criticise his remarks. But he has not done so, and he has no right to treat one small part of a great subject as though it were the whole, and to draw very general conclusions from it.

cusations from Duke of Abercorn was not bound to express any opinion on the state of Ireland, but when of his own free will he undertakes to express one, it should not be to the effect that "the friends wish to see her, if only there were a few more turnips." Yet this is exactly the conviction which would be engendered by the speech in which the Duke of Abercorn takes a genuine view of Irish affairs. Every other draw-back—and the Duke of Abercorn admits that there are some others—is so happily neutralized by the Duke's own words that the only amount to nothing. There is a slight increase this year over last in the number of persons receiving poor relief, but, as the Irish peasant "is undocu-

[illegible]

such caser, if I'm impossible, hereafter." So then, after all, we came back to turn up as the one real speak on the closed door of the subject, and without being either morose or desponding, we may protest against this method of handling the subject. The only excuse to be made for it is that, as an Irishman, I was naturally inclined to be eloquent in inventive audacity, the Prime Minister's speech, at the Mansion house, has put the Lord-lieutenant on his mettle, and his opportunities he is bound to use. I feel inclined to say that the Duke and he has certainly discharged his duty in the present instance.

The Duke of Abercorn himself, unless after dinner, could not describe Ireland in a more adequate and more respectful manner than the "edilious disturbances and dis-

loyal feigns of the Fenian conspirators falling away, while a growing feeling of respect for the law and order is taking hold of the masses, and the radicals are taking their place." What evidence is there to begin with, that Fenianism is either dead or dying? The agitation always consisted of a small number of fanatics, and Ireland an inferno; and by suspending the ordinary safeguards of freedom, and putting Ireland into something like a state of siege, we have, for the time, secured the former. But if the present is to be the last, what have we done more than scotch it. The Americans have found Ireland too hot to hold them, and accordingly they have sent back to their own country all the more different thing from Ireland being too cold to give them.

encouragement; and before we assume that the two are identical, we must remember that the American emissaries are still on the other side of the Atlantic, we shall begin to believe in a Tory administration. As the British Government is here, we have no data upon which to found an opinion. A mine full of fire-damp may be described as "in a state of the greatest excitement," so long as no one takes the trouble to make up his mind never to work the mine again, and no exception need be taken to this version of the facts. The Irish policy of the Government is an exact illustration of the principle. As long as all the material is lying in the mine, and the mining engineer untouched, prevent a man from going near them whom they think

likely have matches in the mine, and then call upon us to help them dissipate the same kind of passions, disturbances and feelings." We must suspend judgment until the mine has been freed without any resulting explosion.

THE BETTER WAY.—It is by sweet kindness and the young are to be allured to religion, and that the opposite of the old is to be offered to the young. It has, indeed, been supposed by some that austerity is the noblest feature of piety, and that in such a evil world the only way to escape is to become a monk. But the world is not to be so easily escaped. The world is to be conquered by the more cheerful and more courteous and cheerful, and are deemed too free and too gay to be religious. Such can be the spirit of a malignant generation, but it is not the spirit of a

Brick Pomeroy hired a maid to soldier to grind "Dixie" on a high organ in front of his office; but after during the strain for two days, a sufferer laid higher and bought him a Dixie to "soothe the nerves and ease breast" of the philosopher of Tibbene, as he says.

